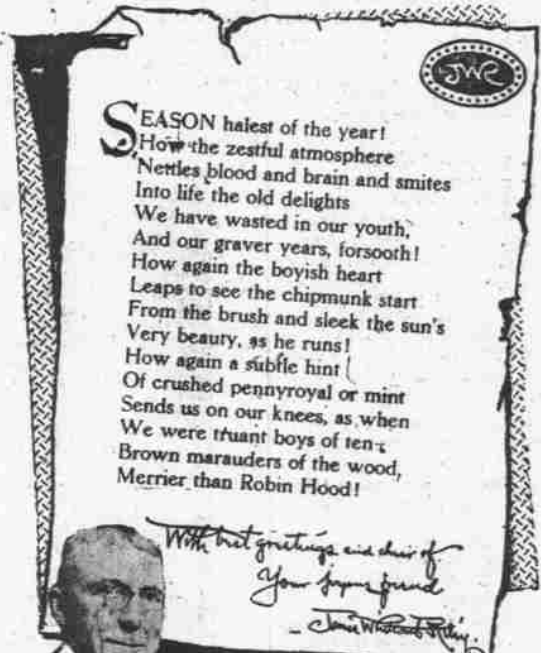


BIRTHDAY GREETING TO DAY BOOK READERS NEW JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY POEM!—HIS

Editor The Day Book, Chicago, Ill.:

Dear Sir—In answer to your request may I greet your readers with the enclosed lines. Very sincerely and faithfully yours,

James Whitcomb Riley



SEASON halest of the year!
How the zestful atmosphere
Nettles blood and brain and smites
Into life the old delights
We have wasted in our youth,
And our graver years, forsooth!
How again the boyish heart
Leaps to see the chipmunk start
From the brush and sleek the sun's
Very beauty, as he runs!
How again a subtle hint
Of crushed pennyroyal or mint
Sends us on our knees, as when
We were truant boys of ten—
Brown marauders of the wood,
Merrier than Robin Hood!



*With best greetings and cheer of
Your friend
—James Whitcomb Riley*

James Whitcomb Riley—Indiana's famed poet—has another birthday approaching. He'll be 62 next Thursday, Oct. 7.

In response to The Day Book's request Poet Riley has sent a message

of greeting specially to The Day Book readers—a brand new poem of best wishes and cheer that fairly tingles with the zest of autumn—"halest season of the year."

It's written in a happy, retrospective mood, for "Hoosier Jim," after